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## SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN.

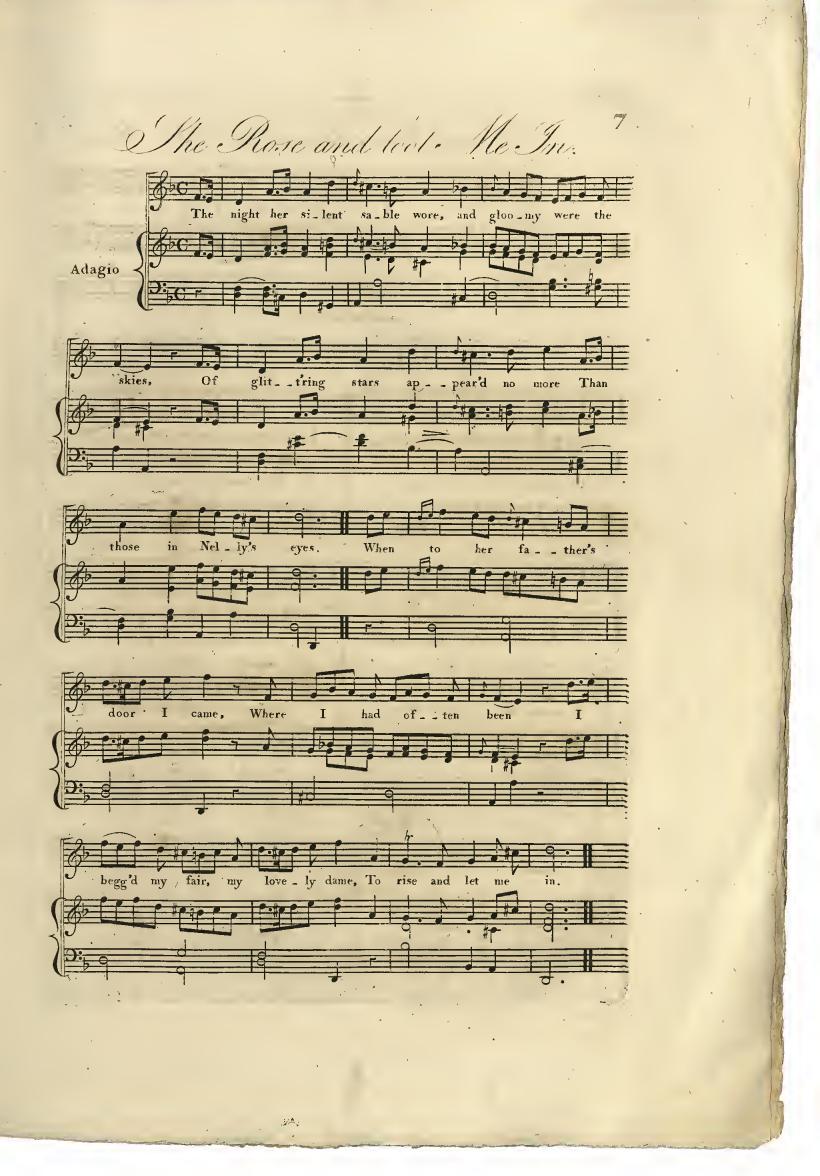
The night her silent sable wore,

And gloomy were the skies,
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's gate I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And, while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll;
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part!
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd.
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love;
Transporting is my joy;
No greater blessing can I prove,
So bless'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;
But virtue only is the chain,
Holds never to depart.



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